

LOCAL NEWS EVENTS OF THE PAST WEEK AS DEPICTED BY PARSONS

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY



Printers hold memorial services for departed brothers.



Governor Hodges and good road boosters make flying trip.



High school seniors celebrate class day.



Prominent grain growers call on the public utilities commission.



Another heat record blew up with a loud report.



Topeka pays its annual tribute to Civil war heroes.



Topperwein, fancy rifle shot, gives an exhibition.

THE JINKS THAT FOLLOWED THE SUNRISE-SUNSET PRESS CAR

Never again for one reporter who covered the sunrise-sunset automobile run over the New Santa Fe trail. There are too many thrills and missing heart throbs on such a trip for a news writer who was reared in the country and whose early training convinced him that a trip to the county seat in a lumber wagon or hay rack was just about the proper rate of speed.

After arriving in Kansas City, Governor Hodges said he enjoyed the trip. The reporter slipped up the street and hunted a refreshment booth, where he tried to forget his day's experiences. That is probably just an ordinary difference in temperaments. Yet, if you never made one of those flying speed scoots in a motor car behind a driver whose lone ambition is to make a record and have the consequences engraved on his headstone, then you are not a competent juror and could not qualify as an expert witness in the case on trial.

Lunging straight ahead toward the rising sun, the press car on the New Santa Fe trail ran left Hutchinson at sunrise. Harry Taylor, one of the best drivers in the state, was at the wheel for the newspaper men who went along to chronicle the day's casualties and mishaps. Pete Newton, an Emporia daredevil, drove the official car and was entrusted with the life of Governor Hodges and some other important citizens. Both men took good care of their respective charges. Emporia in the morning and the passing thrills which the passengers experienced should not be charged against the records of the drivers.

Taylor Was Insulted. Yet, right on the start, Taylor was insulted and didn't hesitate to admit it. Tearing along the sandy Reno county route at a 40-mile clip, Taylor began to warm up his car. Just as the driver was beginning to feel care free and to warm up to his passengers, he was insulted. The insult was in the form of those irresponsible motorcycle Mike's shot by Taylor's car with a Nell Brinkley image hanging to the oil tank like mistletoe to a tree. Taylor did not appreciate such conduct and he began to speed up a bit. For ten miles the speed indicator hung languidly over the 50 mark. At the 60 mark, the road, Taylor was signalled to give the lead to the official car. But Taylor hung just back of the cloud of dust from the big black machine.

The reporters were just settling back in their seats in anticipation of an enjoyable day, when the official car waved a danger signal. Taylor was just preparing to jump his big Chalmers entirely over a cross road. He had time to look up and see a runaway team lunging straight across the path in front of him. There isn't much time to outline a tour when you see a runaway team 50 feet ahead of you. But Taylor, who leaped his speed. His car leaped across the road inches in front of the runaways, missed a tall hedge fence by less than three feet and before the spinning reporters had time to put words on their lips, Taylor was preparing for a swing around a sharp curve two miles further east.

From Halstead to Newton, the roads were wet from the rains of the previous night. Taylor's car skidded and skated from one side of the road to the other, but the Hutchinson driver neither stopped for mud chains nor slackened speed. Fifteen minutes later he stopped his car on Newton's main street—58 minutes ahead of schedule.

Ate Breakfast on Run. Five minutes later the cars were spinning down the road toward Peabody. Eight minutes were clipped off the Newton-Peabody jump. Mit Wilhite stopped the cars in front of a hotel. A man distributed sandwiches to the tourists while Governor Hodges said a few nice words about good roads. As soon as each man and Mrs. Kelley—the only woman on the trip—had grabbed a sandwich, the cars were going again and the party was eating breakfast while the drivers were running express time for the climb over the Osage county hills.

Drivers of those cars probably never learned that there was a low gear on their machines. At least they never used it. Straight into Florence the cars flew. The engines never stopped purring as Governor Hodges, Mit Wilhite and Ralph Paxon talked. Then there was a leaping sensation as the cars tore off down the road and left the few hundred gaping citizens wondering as to what had happened.

Up hill, down hill, over shaky bridges and dangerous looking culverts, through green valleys and woodlands, those speed maniacs drove the machines in their race to Cottonwood Falls. If Paul Revere had carried his message last Monday, he would have been spoken of in the same breath with Pete Newton and Harry Taylor. The Flint hill loomed straight ahead, but the cars never slowed up one bit. They swung around a sharp curve at the base of the rough, rugged hill in a manner that made the passengers dizzy. At the roadside stood a half dozen wondering children and a stupefied father and mother. They never knew that curve at awful speed. Just as it righted itself, the riders saw less than three feet from the roadside, a little babe standing in a clump of weeds. That child's parents will never know by the number of inches their babe missed a trip to Eternity that bright sunny morning. On up the hillside those purring engines jerked the cars,

the fender of the Kelley car and righted itself after missing a telephone pole by less than a foot. Yet it all happened so suddenly that the Mitchell machine was up 'own before anyone realized that a half dozen innocent people had missed a peep into the mysterious future by the barest possible margin.

Arnold Some Speed Bug. It was after leaving Emporia, though, that the newspaper boys encountered things. Frank Arnold was assigned to drive the reporters to Kansas City. Arnold is gray. Well might he be. Well might Arnold's bony hand that waved greetings to farmers that day be the graven image of death. Arnold left Emporia with a verbal determination to show the reporters the ride of their lives—and he did it, every word of it. Up grade to Lebo, 22 miles, Arnold drove in 30 minutes.

Down grade for five miles out of town, Arnold did even better. The man who held the lever on Scotty's Death Valley special never drew a deeper breath of satisfaction than did Arnold at the wheel as he saw the speed dial turn up and up and up. Five miles beyond Lebo there is a sharp right angle

curve, just beyond which is a narrow concrete culvert. After it was all over the reporters testified one to another that Arnold hit that curve nothing short of 35 miles an hour. Yet all they recall is seeing that curve and culvert ahead, hearing an awful roar and climbing out of the bottom of the battered car. Arnold had hit the concrete banister of the bridge and jumped his car into a sign post, against a tree and nosed the engine into a cornfield.

That Trip to Ottawa. One of those "first aid to the injured" buzz wagons that always follows a speed party for a few miles, arrived a few minutes later. It carried the reporters and their baggage to Olivet. There a banker with a noisy little car offered aid and his driver took the party a few miles until the machine stopped—puffing and gasping for breath. Another car took the correspondents on to Melvern—and there that car laid out for repairs. Car No. 5 volunteered to carry the hapless scribbles to Ottawa. But at Quenemo, it staggered under a cheerful shade tree and begged to be allowed to rest. The pace was too fast. Then car No. 6 came to rescue. It wheezed and coughed and sputtered un-

der the strain but the red haired, hatless driver coaxed and patted and pleaded with the machine for the remainder of the run to Ottawa—18 miles distant. At Ottawa the celebration was over. The band was playing its final tune on a street corner and the crowd was preparing to go home when the weary and dusty victims of the trail "cutoff" hoodoo came down the Main street—five minutes after the official car had left. It looked like a trip the rest of the way on the soft cushions of a railway coach. There was no aid in sight, the red haired pilgrim with the Quenemo car declared, his machine couldn't stand the remaining 71 miles of the trip—and the reporters knew that he spoke the truth.

One Charitable Banker. Then Frank Miller, an Ottawa banker, came to rescue. His driver opened the doors of the Miller machine and the news chasers were on the final lap. At Wellsville, the Kelley car was having trouble. But by this time the reporters were cold blooded and heartless. They left the stranded Kelley car standing by the side of the road, wished the occupants good fortune and whispered to Miller's driver to "open her up" and

race for Kansas City. And the driver did. He sent his machine through Franklin county at a 35 mile clip, picked up seven or eight miles of speed on a better road in Johnson county and ruined all the speed ordinances ever written as he felt the firm macadam road of Wyandotte county under the wheels of his car.

While the reporters were offering

thanksgiving that they were at least

second in the race, the Kelley car slipped

up from behind and flew past the

Ottawa machine at a clip of more than

50 miles an hour. They were never

caught until the cars checked in on

Grand avenue a half hour later.

Couldn't Dodge Thin Luck.

Then, just to be sure that the sign

of ill fortune was still hanging over

their heads, the car in which the re-

porters were riding crashed into the

Kelley car at the checking station. It

merely demolished a few searchlights,

battered a fender and knocked some of

the blue-black paint off the press car.

But the run was over. The news

writers called the roll. They were all

present. In that day's run, nine ma-

chines had carried the newspaper

bunch, Fred Davis, who drove the

Kelley machine, and Pete Newton, in charge of the official car, had made the trip without a change. Surely, the press car of a speed run is an ill fated, predestined to encounter trouble. A likeable little chap from one of the Emporia papers, made the Emporia-Ottawa run. He was sure he was the jinks. Several times he offered to cry or to get out and walk. But the crowd stayed together and compiled a card index system of thrills and experiences that will be referred to in later years when some of these same news hunters are assigned to an endurance run.

CHAMPION SPELLER.

Boy Successful in Spelling 3,400 Words.

Kimball, May 31.—The Caldwell, Kan., high school has a champion speller in John Winfield Fisk, oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fisk and oldest grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Winfield S. Marks of Kimball. In a contest recently held in Caldwell he spelled 3,400 words, the 3,000 being taken from the state textbook and 400 additional words. He received a gold medal. He is 14 years old.

The Magnet

Irresistible Alike to the "Fresh"—the Vagrant—the Blase Fancy!

BY NELL BRINKLEY

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Nell!

Just a bit of a failing it is—our most beloved weakness—to stop and smile at a baby's face. Crabbed, life-worn old man—his shuffling feet waver and halt and a smile crinkles his winter-face. Heavy, shiny old lady, her mind lost these many years in dulled things of memory and the aches of present "rheumatics"—she glows down upon the bit of pink life with a ghost of her old girlish beauty on her broad face.

The handsome wretch of a young chap with nothing on his mind but a smart, soft hat and the fact that it is good to live

Brinkley

in the Spring-time—he slows his lively feet long enough to flash down an admiring grin, mutter "Keen little beggar," and go off with an odd stirring in his mind of a latent dream.

The chic little peach of a girl with a dream of a chapeau atop her curls, a hint of rouge on her cheekbones, taking her abbreviated little steps in tight swathed silk, stops dead, digs her smooth white fists in her hips and stays a very long time—her mouth curved in sudden sweetness—a brooding understanding in her eyes, lost in what is probably her first unconscious pose that day.

A slim aristocrat, airing her toy-dog, lingers with pretty

Says

dragging feet, her face a mixture of half-delight, half-envy—and all sadness. I imagined I caught the glimmer of tears in her fine eyes—but then I have a lively imagination—maybe it was the sun—or I WANTED to see them there. And up at the top of the curving park walk—the big blue "cop" beams down at the little mother and the slow-moving white baby carriage.

He cannot see that far what's in it, but he knows it's the keenest thing ever and his heart pulls that way all by itself! Just a beloved weakness of ours—to show our naked souls in our eyes—to slow our busy feet—to smile—when we see a baby's face.